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Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and rate. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Legal notices at established rates.'

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369. I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock...

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342. O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock...

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. In Street, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Reynolds, Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. BECKLIN & MORE, PROPRIETORS. First-Class Licensed House. Good stable connected.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed. Mr. Chase will work in the country when desired. 13-14.

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DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa. MRS. HEATH has recently moved to this place for the purpose of meeting a want which the ladies of the town and county have for a long time known...

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THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Laeytown) Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order...

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H. W. LEDERBUR.

Hunting Rattlesnakes.

A correspondent of The New York Sun from Jacksonville, Lehigh county, Pa., says:

The party was to start from the cabin of Jake Smith, whose home is four miles from Snipe creek, on a spur of the Blue Ridge that juts out from the northwest boundary of Lehigh county.

Three miles from his place is a barren tract known as Rattlesnake Ledge. Smith had three friends, Henry Larkins, Budd Hemple and Hiram Endy, of whom he is the acknowledged leader.

He is a tall, raw boned six footer, with a face covered with short black whiskers. The three others are rough woodsmen, yet full of fun and fond of adventure.

The party started early on Thursday. The ledge reached, pipes were smoked until sun-up.

"I'll never forget my first hack at a snake in these parts," said Smith; "it was just across yonder, about a hundred yards. It was a red hot day in August. I went across, and just ahead of me I saw a six footer stretched out asleep. I went for him, but missed my mark, and in a second the rattle jangled. He made a spring, and grabbed me by the arm and held fast.

Before I could think of what I was doing this dog here grabbed the snake, and shook the life out of it. They laid me out, and Bill Henry, dead two years now, put his mouth to my bare arm and drew every bit of the poison out of it. They tied me up, put on a leaf or two, and I never felt it afterward.

Smith went away, and after he had been gone a half hour he called up from the rocks, and we went to him. He stood smiling and exclaimed, "Here's an early bird out for an airing." On the rock, and pinned to it by a forked stick, writhed a reptile about four feet in length. Jake told Endy to hold the prong down. Taking out a small vial from a vest pocket, he saturated a bit of wadding with the liquor it contained. He placed the wadding on a stick, and then put it into the snake's mouth. It operated like magic. The snake's body dropped flat on the rock.

"That'll do," said Jake. "Take the prong off. He's dosed like a charm." Jake then held the snake by the tail, and said that the stuff would keep it unconscious for ten minutes. The reptile had six fully developed rattles. These were cut off. The ten minutes had scarcely elapsed before the snake revived. His throat commenced swelling, his eyes protruded, and he shook his tail, but the rattles were gone. He tried to shake again, and then sank his fangs deep into his body again and again, frothed at the mouth, and died apparently in agony.

"I just did that to let you know how mad a rattler gets when he is clipped," said Jake. "You see how blue the inside of his mouth is? Well, that's the way they all get. That pronged tongue of his mouth is dangerous. Behind that long tooth is a small bag that I will show you after a while. It is a kind of a sack about as large as a pea. In that is the poison. When a rattler gets mad, and just before he strikes, he'll give his teeth a bath of poison and then drive in the fangs. The teeth are hollow on the ends and no matter if they go through a man's clothes, the poison won't wipe off, but it will drop when the teeth touch blood.

The sun was very hot and the barren ledge, exposed to the full rays, was getting scorching. Each man was provided with a stout hickory stick, with a prong at the lower end. Each put on his feet rubber bottoms made out of cast-off shoes, in order to get over the rocks without making a noise. Each took a different direction, with the understanding that they should meet at the spring, two miles over the hill, at noon.

"You come with me," said Jake, whistling for the dog, and the hunters separated. They were provided with shrill whistles, and it was specially understood that they should at no time be separated among the rocks at a distance beyond hearing, so that whenever one might want help the other could come to his assistance without losing much time.

"We generally find 'em laying stretched on the rocks. They're naturally lazy, and they take to the sun like ducks to water. They don't do much but sleep. On these hot rocks they become full of poison. Look there at that dog! will you?"

"Ma!" stood on a ledge of yellow rock about fifty yards from where we were. His body was silent as a statue, and his tail wagged with the regularity of a pendulum. We approached silently, and when we were within five

feet of the rock the dog left his post and got behind his master. Jake pointed ahead, and there lay a rattlesnake seven feet in length sleeping in the sun. It lay stretched out. The hunter walked up carefully, placed the pole in position, and in a twinkling it descended on the neck of the reptile, making it a prisoner. It took all the strength of that brawny man at first to keep the snake fast on the rock. Rattlesnakes do not curl as other snakes do. When pinned down, they simply lash the ground or rock with their bodies.

"Stand back," said Jake; "let him lam that stone until he gets tired." The horny chain on the snake's tail rattled, but the prong was too small for him to slip his head or body through. It pinched just enough to madden him. In three minutes he seemed fagged out, when Jake was enabled to dose him and lay him out. The body was beautiful in gold, dark brown and black. The belly had grayish white and black stripes. On the back there were black spots. Jake took out the poison sack, which looked very much like a water-blister on human flesh.

"That stuff in the veins of twenty men would kill every one of 'em," said Jake. Some people would say this fellow was eleven years old, according to his rattles. I don't believe it. I believe 'these snakes get 'em more than once a year when they are young. When they're old it may be different. This skin ain't worth much, but we'll take it along any way."

Suddenly was heard the shrill whistle of one of the men about two hundred yards over the rocks. The dog pitched head foremost in his effort to get away in a hurry. Jake caught a breath, and said, "Come on, but be careful." A thrilling sight was Endy, in a bath of perspiration, holding down a snake that seemed as large again as the one we had just captured. The dog was called away.

"I want this fellow alive," said Endy, "and Jake, take hold of this until I run up to the big hickory and get that box." In a short time Endy returned with a soap box lined with leather. The lid was a rude affair, made of heavy wire. He set the box down, and then took hold of the prong. The snake was then made to swallow a wadding ball, and when it was under its influence it was easily thrown into the box, and the lid fastened with staples. The snake measured nine feet in length.

Another start was made, and in about an hour and a half five fair sized snakes were killed. All of the party were on time at the appointed place of meeting. Nineteen snakes had been captured. Jake was asked what he had in that vial.

"That's the best thing in the world to put any man or beast to sleep you ever heard of. We get it by stewing up Indian turp, hazel nut, dock and one or two other things that the women folks gather on the hills. Old Granny Lipper first give it to the people in these parts. There was a fine horse got his leg broke for Gen. Bridge, and they had an idea they could set it if the horse could be put to sleep and out of pain. Old Granny stewed 'em up some and they gave it to the horse, and it put him to sleep. We tried the stuff on dogs, sheep, and on fish, and towards the last we got it on the snakes and it works like a charm. I wouldn't like to give it to a human being for fear it might put him so sound asleep that he'd never get over it.

The men cut off the heads of the reptiles, extracted the poison sacs, and put them in one box. In reply to a question as to what that poison was good for, one said: "In the first place it is not dangerous if you keep it away from your blood. The women folks use it very sparingly though. Sometimes they mix it with camphor to smell of for headache. A little boiled with dock leaves and wild laurel is a good wash for rheumatism. Stiff joints are limbered up pretty well when a sac is thrown into warm water with salt and a little mustard. The skins dried are said to cure headache, earache, rheumatism, wildfire, or ringworm, if worn around the arms."

Last year these four men killed 327 snakes in three months, and they intend to exceed that number this year. "These snakes we got here," said Eudy, "are the worst kind of rattlers. They live on mice and birds. There is no such thing in my mind as charming a bird. My opinion is that the snake comes on to the bird so suddenly that it gets scared to death. I don't believe half the snake stories I hear now-a-days. But this I can give as a fact: Last summer Squire Eiter's boy commenced to behave strange. He'd go off into the woods and stay all day, and when he got back he'd have very little to say. One day that boy was followed. He sat down on a log, and ten minutes after he got there a big rattlesnake crawled up on a

stone about twelve feet from where the boy sat. The young fellow watched the snake, and never took his eyes off him. We got tired watching that sort of thing, and we walked up slowly and killed the reptile. The boy cried. We led him back home. He got a whipping, and since then he keeps away from snakes. He was not charmed; he was only foolish enough to go—that's all. Rattlesnakes never hurt anybody unless they are first molested. They live to be fifteen years old anyhow, although I have seen twenty-eight rattles on one tail.

FINDS IN A RAG-BAG.

The "finds" in the rag-bag and the rubbish heap are sometimes not a little curious. A mistress allows Betty, the maid, to keep a rag bag; and occasionally Betty yields to the temptation of putting into that bag articles which are certainly not rags. But apart from any suspicion of dishonesty, valuable find themselves in very odd places, through inadvertency or forgetfulness.

We need not say much about such small creatures as insects, spiders, or lizards that are found by the paper makers in bundles of esparto; they are rather unwelcome intrusions rather than finds.

A patent-lock was once found among the contents of a family rag-bag; and as it was worth five shillings, the buyer was well content. An old Latin prayer book, bought as waste paper, had a bundle of nails, curiously linked together, packed inside it. Half sovereigns and other coins are found in cast-off pockets in the heels of old stockings, and inside the lining of dresses. An old coat purchased by a London dealer, revealed the fact—a joyful fact to the buyer—that the buttons consisted of sovereigns covered with cloth. Three pound sterling, in German paper money, found their way into a bundle of German rags that reached a paper maker. The London Rag Brigade buys once found a bank check-book, and on another occasion six pairs of new silk stockings, in waste paper and rags which they had bought; these unexpected articles were, to the honor of the Brigade, at once returned. A rare find once occurred in the Houndsditch region. A dealer of the gentler sex, we are told, gave sixpence and a pint of beer for a pair of old breeches; while the bargain was being ratified at a public house, the buyers began to rip up the garment, when out rolled eleven golden guineas wrapped up in a thirty-pound bank note. We rather think that, in strictness of law, the guineas of this treasure trove belonged to the crown; but most likely the elated buyer and the mortified seller made merry over the windfall. Many people, in the days when banking was little understood, had a habit of concealing their spare money about their persons; thus, an old waistcoat, bought for a trifle, was found lined with bank notes! But of all the finds, what shall we think of a "baby"? A paper manufacturer assures us "that in a bag of rags brought from Leghorn, and opened at an Edinburgh paper-mill, a tiny baby was found pressed almost flat. Poor bantling! Was it accidentally squeezed to death in a turn-up bedstead, or was some darker tragedy associated with its brief history?"

A New York Herald correspondent, who recently met Don Carlos in Washington, says of him: Don Carlos, while standing, presented the appearance of a tall, somewhat slim, but yet heavily built man, of about thirty years or less, with good strong chest, lithe limbs, powerful shoulders and a long, oval face, whose sallow complexion betrayed at once his Southern nationality. His hair is of the blackest, but his eyes are reddish brown, large and with a prepossessing expression of openness. The features are decidedly large, the nose straight, long full; the mouth sensuous and the chin peaked and eloquent of determination. There is nothing intellectual or commanding about the face, certainly nothing princely. It is the countenance of a rather good-natured man of moderate intelligence, but considerable backbone and strength of character. The best feature of the face are the eyes. Don Carlos smiles very frequently while he speaks. He was dressed in a simple cheap suit of Scotch gray, such as many a clerk at A. T. Stewart's would despise, but sported a rather gorgeous blue necktie. He wore two simple rings and silver coins as cuff-studs.

"Thank heaven," said the San Francisco News Letter on the morning of the Fourth, "there is no one in our city so poor and humble but that he can help hold down a Chinaman while a cannon cracker is set off in his mouth."

What is the centre of gravity? The letter v.

HANGED ON A NEWSPAPER WARRANT.

In the olden time in Plumas county a man was arrested for murder, tried and convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The case was taken to the Supreme Court on appeal. Finally a decision was filed affirming the judgment of the court below, and directing that the defendant be re-sentenced to death.

In those days the Sacramento Union was about the only paper circulating in that remote county, and whatever appeared in its columns was taken as being undoubtedly the fact. The number containing the Supreme Court decision arrived at the county seat, and the Sheriff saw it, and concluded that the matter was settled finally. So walking into the jail he addressed the defendant with: "Well, the Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment in your case; its printed in the Sacramento Union."

"Is it?" said the prisoner; "that's rough, but I guess I'll have to stand it."

"Well," said the Sheriff, "I have got to hang you; you have been in here a good while, an expense to the county, and the sooner the thing is over the better."

"There is no use being in a hurry," said the prisoner; "give a fellow a chance to get ready."

"How will the first of next week suit you?" asked the Sheriff.

"Oh, what's the use of all that hurry; call it the last of the week."

"Well, we will split the difference and call it Wednesday afternoon," said the officer.

This was acquiesced in by the party in interest, and at the appointed time he was taken out and hanged.

At the opening of the District Court at the following term, Judge R. H. Taylor, now of Virginia City, who was then on the bench, inquired of the clerk if the remitter had been sent down, and being advised in the affirmative, said: "I guess we had better have the prisoner brought up this morning and re-sentenced." He was rather surprised when the Sheriff innocently informed him that the law had already been fully satisfied, and that the criminal had been sent before a court whence there could be no appeal.—Sacramento Bee.

A FOOLHARDY VOYAGE.

The bold mariner from Gloucester who is now making his way across the ocean in a dory appears to be getting on famously. A Troy gentleman who has been on a visit to London, and who returned by the steamer Greece, reports that in mid-ocean the watch at the bow reported to the Captain that he described ahead what seemed to be part of a wreck. As it neared the ship the object was discovered to be a small skiff, and in the darkness the figure of one man was described. The Captain immediately gave orders to stop the engines and to get the ropes ready to pull the man on board. The sea was running high. The skiff came quite near to the ship, appearing and disappearing at intervals—now on the top of an immense wave level with the deck of the vessel, the next minute hidden from sight in the billows. The Captain on calling to know who was in the boat, was answered in a strong German accent: "I am John Johnson, from Gloucester, Mass." He told further that he was bound to Liverpool; that his skiff was named "Centennial," and that he had been out fifteen days. He then asked the Captain to compare reckonings. His was longitude 46°, latitude 39°; the Captain's was the same. Johnson informed the Captain that he slept by day, and before going to sleep he took in his rudder and took down all sails; during sleep his craft drifted with the waves. He was awake at nights. The Captain made a final appeal to him to come on board, stating that if he refused he would probably regret it when the vessel was out of reach. To this Johnson emphatically answered, "No, sir; good night," and throwing his sails to the wind was soon lost to sight. Johnson sits in the centre of his boat, with a lamp burning before him, exposing the dial of what seemed to be a compass. The deck fore and aft was covered with canvas, under which, besides the compass and lamp, were several barrels, containing, no doubt, provisions, water, etc. When last heard from (July 23), Johnson was less than thirty-six degrees west of London.

A wag, noted for his brevity, writes to a friend to be careful in the selection of his diet. He says: "Don't eat Q-cumbers; they'll W up."

"I shall follow her soon," said a sad-eyed man at the grave of his wife. Within a month he was following another woman.

Deception one cannot see through—A glass eye.